Volume XIII Chicago, Ill., July, 1936 Number 4

The Liberalist

God the Architect

Who Thou art I know not
But this much I know;
Thou hast set the Pleiades
In a silver row.

Thou hast sent the trackless winds
Loose upon their way;
Thou hast reared a colored wall
Twixt the night and day;

Thou hast made the flowers to bloom
And the stars to shine;
Hid rare gems of richest ore
In the tunneled mine;

But chief of all Thy wondrous works
Supreme of all Thy plan
Thou hast put an upward reach
In the heart of man.

—Harry Kemp.

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The Peoples Church

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... **Editor**
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... **Associate Editor**

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MEDITATION

"Infinite and eternal Heart, with our minds filled with memories and our faces turned toward the future, we greet the significance of this occasion. May everything of the past be utilized as a stepping stone for a finer future. Bless, out of the richness of Thy bountiful love, this church, every officer, every organization, every member, every friend, and may all of us utilize this moment as one of consecration to the ideals for which it stands, and may we do this, remembering in our hearts the beautiful idealism of that great leader of all humanity, foremost in the ranks of brotherhood, leader in the sphere of tolerance, pioneer in the quest of truth and unfailing in inspiration and love, who gave us out of the depth of his own being the example of the perfect prayer:

'Our Father, who are in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our debts, as we
Forgive our debtors. And
Lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory, forever and ever.
Amen.'"

"AN ANNIVERSARY SERMON"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, June 14th, 1936

"There are probably only two reasons why any preacher can ever stay twenty-four years in one pulpit. There may be a great many other reasons, but I think there are only two. One is that he is such a poor preacher that he cannot get a job anywhere else and the very best that the congregation can do is to keep him because they cannot push him off on some other church! That is one reason. The other is that he is such a good preacher that his congregation won't let him go! I appreciate that very much. My critics and enemies, and I have my share, are quite agreed that the first reason which I have just mentioned is the reason why I have been in my pulpit twenty-four years, but when I come to this occasion my heart is really too full to permit any expression that probably ought to be made and the amenities of the occasion would inspire from my mind. Consequently, in the limited time which I have, I am only going to be very personal and very intimate in the talk this morning, because, in many ways, it lends itself to that sort of an approach. It is going to be in the nature of a confession, and confession, as you know, is always psychologically

sound and always of extreme value both to the confessor and to the one who hears the confession. So I am going, for a little while this morning, to open up my heart to you who are of my life and of this church.

Twenty-four years is a long time, whether you look back upon it or whether you look forward to it, it is nearly a quarter of a century. And when I realize that it has been my distinguished privilege and ever increasing responsibility to be the pastor of a church in a metropolitan area of 4½ millions of people for this long period of time, I am aware also of the fact that this long pastorate has existed in this city where the average pastoral life of a Chicago minister is just seven years, on the average, in the church life of Chicago, to either break a man because of the responsibilities or else because of his own limitations to find his influence decreasing and lessening —seven years is about the average of the Chicago minister's association with his church,—and it is quite interesting as well as inspiring when I stop and remember that today I am the senior pastor in this city in all the churches of liberal religion. There is one Methodist colleague who has been in his pulpit slightly longer than I have, and there is a Lutheran minister, and there are several members of the Roman Catholic Church, but in the great field of liberal religion and the type of Church and religion which this church is, I today am the senior pastor almost in the entire country.

I look back upon these twenty-four years quite naturally, I think, and quite logically, with a great deal of self criticism and a great deal of self analysis. I am quite sure that I would change many of them if I could. I am quite sure that in maturity, the years that have come out of the dangerous years of my adolescence, when I knew so much more than I do today, and when I was so much surer about everything than I am now, when I look back and read, as I sometimes do, in order to be chastened with that necessary disciplining which every individual who is seeking for the higher standards of his life needs, and read some of those older sermons of mine, I marvel at your patience, I positively cannot understand how you ever endured me through those years. I had a solution for every problem, I knew what was the matter with the universe and everybody on it, and of course I thought that anybody that did not see the way I saw in religion, was wrong. I could not possibly predicate that I myself might be a little bit off center on some of these matters. I was reasonably sure that anybody who disagreed with my philosophy of life, naturally the disagreement was prima facia evidence that I was right, and I could not possibly impugn to anyone who did disagree that they had any degree of soundness at all. You smile at that and some of you chuckle out loud, I should think it would deepen into a hearty guffaw. When I look back I see all of these defects and I see them vividly, and yet in spite of them all, I was motivated then, and am still motivated, by two or three very dominant ideals, and in spite of my mistakes and my limitations, and they have been many and are many, in spite of my frequent lapses of good judgment, and I have had my share, in spite of being blessed and at the same time cursed with a Celtic temperament which is one of the greatest blessings in the world and for which I am very grateful, but it gets us into great difficulty because most of us with a little Irish extraction act first and think afterwards and I frequently have the impulsiveness of my inheritance which I think is a virtue and at the same time possesses the elements of being a vice. Ideals motivated all of these years and

I think that I could pause only two or three minutes in perfect silence and would give every individual in this magnificent congregation this morning who have been hearing me any length of time at all an opportunity to do so, they would be able to recapture what they are, for every minister has only one sermon, every life really has only one motivation, every bit of music is dominated by one theme and if it does not preserve the unity of that theme throughout the composition it never ascends to the dignity of great art. All life is dominated by one theme. You can always tell the telltale marks of the motif of the life for it is on everything the life does. Every preacher, therefore, only preaches one sermon. There are constant variations, beautiful combinations of rythmic symphonies, beauties of melodies and union, but when you have analyzed them carefully and gone down to the very basis of them, there springs the motif, and I have been dominated by a similar motif in my entire public and private ministry. That motif I do not need to spend any time in calling to your attention because it has been the passion of my life.

The challenge of the city pulpit is very great, and increasingly so. When I came to this pulpit there were no distractions comparable with those of Sundays today. Practically the entire congregation walked into the church in the first two years, and lived in this immediate community. We were quite distinctly one family, a family in the larger sense of the word with elongated ideals in the corporate life of the church. There was no radio, there were no automobiles as we know them today. None of the distractions existed that exist today to interest people on Sunday.

Not only that, the first two years of my ministry were years that were definitely years when the whole world seemed to be celebrating the achievements of the internationalization of culture, religion and life. You could travel in every country in this world, and I did in the summer of 1914, in every country of Europe without passports, except Turkey and Russia. They were the only two countries that demanded a passport. You passed between all the important countries of Europe without a passport. Men and women trusted each other and nations trusted each other in those early days. We internationalized our art and music and achieved our cultures. We have internationalized our science without losing in the internationalization any of those qualities identified with particular national groups. We did not sacrifice any of the quality in the achievement of the larger ideals.

Within two years after coming into this pulpit I saw all of that change and in 1914, two years after coming in 1912, I was in the heart of Europe when that flash of lightning dropped out of a cloudless sky that August day, and set afire every powder magazine of hatred in the world, and the fumes of that poison are still being wafted by hatred and discord into every nation of the world. So, for 22 years of the 24, I have faced an abnormal world, an abnormal nation, an abnormal city and an abnormal life. Twenty-two of these years have been spent, over two decades, in watching the changing panorama with its ever increasing glitter of this thing called modern civilization. The very existence of this condition has created unprecedented opportunities and quite naturally in that kind of a world if I were to follow the ideals which I believe a free pulpit ought to represent, it has been necessary for me to say many, many things in almost every area of human life that created bitterness against me, unkind, and frequently kindly constructive criticism in the attitudes which I have felt compelled to

take. Naturally that was unavoidable and unescapable. How could one who had the responsibility of directing and molding the thoughts of vast multitudes of people meet that responsibility by being anything less than true to their best convictions. And so, the mistakes which I have made, both in philosophy and in life, have been mistakes that were born out of the limited capacity in the field probably of intellectual knowledge and research and not in the area of the heart, with the result that during these past decades I have seen the changing tempo of civilization, and it has quite rapidly decreased at times, but always in change.

Therefore, starting as we do together, pastor and people upon the threshold of the future, for it is not the objective of an anniversary merely to affirm the past, I am not making any effort to affirm the past, beautiful and tragic as it has been at times, but I am going to attempt a prediction of the future, that is the real objective, I think, of a real anniversary. I have seen the world in the fluctuations that you and I know well, and there may be those who think because we are seeing the frustration of the finest type of real association of races and peoples by the coming of strange systems and theories of social adjustments and economic alignments that you might think or detect that I am disillusioned. Well, if you have any such idea as that, I hope I can convince you that you are wrong, and yet there is a certain value even to disillusionment.

I am quite willing to admit that we were on top of the world's highest mountain peak of love, and that was when the last note had sounded that represented the close of the greatest period of legalized murder the world has ever seen. At the conclusion of that period humanity stood on the very highest peak of a new type of spirit and love, and we said: 'Now the war is over and we will make a great peace. We have fought a war against war, and never again will we jeopardize the Youth of the world in the disaster of legalized murder.' Our great opporunity was before us and we failed! One of the greatest indictments which I can bring against my generation, as I have been saying all this week at commencements of High schools and colleges, the greatest indictment which I can bring to my generation, not the generation of Youth but to my generation, the greatest indictment which I can bring is the incapacity and inefficiency and inability to create for the Youth of today a great world of co-operation and peace. My generation has failed to do that and that is where the generation which is to follow me must take up the task and carry forward the torch. You, I think, will do it! My generation has failed, we have substituted mediocrity and cheapness for excellency! We have had an opportunity for the superlative and we were satisfied to become greedy and avaricious again. Our opportunity was one almost unlimited in human history to make this world a world of sympathetic understanding, of tolerance, of racial understanding, of religious co-operation and of unifying the great processes of civilization. That was my chance and my world, and my generation failed! You cannot look out upon the structure of modern civilization today and not admit that!

So, of course, you would detect a certain quality of disillusionment. Let me bring this to your attention—what is disillusionment? Desertion of illusions, the death of illusions, that is what it means, and one who is truly disillusioned is passing through the technique of losing their illusions and we do have some illusions about our ability and capacity, and these illusions are directly responsible for our failure. Always distinguish between an illusion

and an ideal, for one may be disillusioned and lose their illusions, and many of the illusions ought to have been lost, but one need not, in the losing of an illusion, lose their ideal. Consequently, I have, on the altar of my life, enshrined my idealism anew, and though I stand and look at our modern world with fear and trembling, my ideals are bright and glowing as they ever were upon the altar of my life. I believe in the future, I believe in the potentiality of human life, I believe in the inherent ability and capacity of our modern Youth to build a great world. I see nothing in what is happening anywhere that evidences permanent disaster. I see nothing that means permanent defeat. I stand facing the tomorrows of my life, what tomorrows there are left, with hope coronated in my heart, with love enshrined there and with a dominant, creative faith. I am not in despair, I do not coddle cynicism, I will not acknowledge defeat! Humanity is designed out of the very quality of the cosmos evolving progressively and creatively toward the high. I do not believe that any one man is big enough to wreck the culture and the life of America, neither do I believe that its future depends upon any one man! I believe that there is a great inherent righteousness which is a part of the fundamental structure of the human spirit that will not die!

Therefore I still believe in adventuresomeness, in adventuresomeness in our religious thinking, adventuresomeness in our political thinking, adventuresomeness in our economic and industrial thinking, for the tomorrows of life—and I would like these moments to be moments as part of myself and of the church of which I have the honor of being the pastor, to be moments when we will recreate in our minds and hearts the youthfulmindedness of ever advancing people. We have stood a dynamo of inspiration of this city. During this time over 6,000 people a week have come in and out of these doors, with an estimated 1½ millions to 10 millions upon the radio, and throughout all those dark and depressing years of the past decades I have tried, through every criticism which I have made, through all the associations of attitudes which I have assumed, I have tried as best I could, after all the analysis was over, after all the thinking was done, I have tried to leave every human heart a little finer, a little better than before. The dominant ideal and motif which has motivated my life and my ministry and accentuated all that I hope for in the future, is that these great doors of ours, those great open front doors of ours, six or ten of them that stand there facing the streets of this city shall always open wide, wide to the people of every color, of every race, of every religion, shall always open wide to people in trouble, people tired, people anxious, people weary, people in distress. After all, the final value of a church and the final purpose is to be a blessing and inspiration and a help to all who come to it with their troubles.

As I survey, by way of introspection, these past years, the only deep-seated regret I have, the deepest sorrow which I have, the sense of disappointment which I have with myself is, I think, that the busy-ness of my life, for my ministry has been very largely a cosmopolitan ministry, the back rows of the City Temple of London was in the Rocky Mountains, but the back rows of the Peoples Church of Chicago are the Mississippi Valley, I have gone from this pulpit to carry the message of Liberalism and Love night after night, day after day, throughout the entire nation. It has brought me a sense of disappointment with myself that there are those of you whom I have failed in helping you in the hard and difficult places of your lives.

One of the beauties of a long pastorate is this ability and opportunity to help people in their troubles. The last thing which I did last night before I retired to my study to prepare my readings of the lesson and thoughts for the sermon for this morning, was to visit one who for ten years has been ill, and for three years has never stepped outside of their own home. I have been for several weeks trying to see that person, but I concluded that I could not come to this service this morning without doing what I could to bring a little cheer and happiness to that individual, and I did. Then I sat down at my desk in my study and I saw nearly 100 letters written to me by people in trouble, all kinds of trouble, family, financial, intellectual, religious, all kinds of trouble, over a hundred letters, and every one of them saying to me: 'Can't I see you for a little while, I want to talk to you,' and the inability which I have to meet all these things constitutes my disappointment this morning. Every one of them I am concerned about, and that's the reason why, when the church begins next fall, I am going to set aside as many hours every week as it is possible for me to do as consultation hours, and I am going to be in the church office and available during those consultation hours. I shall try to keep them inviolate for being accessible to any person and any individual who wants to see me. I think that that should be done. I think it is necessary because it follows the ideal and opportunity of my life.

And now I have come to the moment of closing. Twenty-four years, millions of words, millions, over 1500 people have I buried, 1,436 have I married, over 300 public addresses every year, and now I am having the great joy of marrying some of the youngsters whose fathers and mothers I married. Only a few days ago a young lady came to me and after her marriage ceremony she said to me: 'Doctor Bradley, you will not remember it, but I was christened in your church as a baby,' and now I am marrying the youngsters that I christened and the youngsters of the fathers and mothers I married. It makes life beautiful, our associations are becoming more beautiful every year, never was I happier for my church than this morning, never were things in any better condition, never a more beautiful spirit, never a finer group of workers, every organization and officer of the church has cooperated, never a finer congregation, never a more beautiful inspiration than you brought to me.

And so, may my last words be three, three of the greatest words in the vocabulary, I am just human and you have been very kind and very forgiving and very gentle, but I am a rover and a wanderer, a friend of mine called me a 'pragmatist' but I am rooted very deeply in the life of Chicago and this church, so deeply that I think if I should ever pull them up I would bleed to death. My destiny is here whatever it is to be, it is here with you and with the city which I love and which has been so good to me. But there are these words which I finally leave, words, three of them, that I should like to close with—FAITH, HOPE, LOVE.

Faith, hope, love! Faith, the greatest dynamic inspiration given to man. Faith in the integrity of the universe, faith in the integrity of the laws which govern it, faith in the integrity of its structure, faith in the integrity of human hearts, faith in the integrity of those you love, faith in the ideals of your nation, faith in the purposes of your God, faith that whatever happens and whatever comes, the end will bring us out all right, FAITH. That's FAITH!

HOPE, which turns every night into day, which eases every pain, which lifts every burden. Hope

that tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow will be better than today. I believe that!

LOVE, the most beautiful flower in the garden of humanity, love of man to woman, love of friend to friend, love of citizen to state, love of member to church, loyalty, Ah, it is the love that crowns the loyalties of life, and no life is any more beautiful that its loyalty.

Let us, of the Peoples Church, dedicate ourselves, all that we are and all that we have, that when the doors are open again and when the people come—come faltering, tired, sick and weary, despairing and dejected, they shall go out with shoulders back, chins up, eyes cleared to live life victoriously and beautifully."

ALONG THE WAY

By Preston Bradley

The last Sunday in June it was my privilege to speak to probably the largest visible audience which I shall ever address, 10,000 people gathered in the stadium of the University of Wisconsin in the lovely lake-fringed city of Madison. The university, the city and the state are commemorating this year 100 years of history. For the middle west this is surely a centennial year. Many towns, villages and cities are a hundred years old. These years seem old out here, not so old in New England and definitely young in China. Age is relative like most everything else.

The city of Madison had festivities, and historical addresses and pageants which extended over a weeks duration. On the Sunday of my visit the Roman Catholics held a celebration of the Mass in the morning, the Lutherans held a great service in the afternoon and the Protestant churches of all denominations in the evening. What a wonderful achievement in church unity if all three groups could have met in one great service—but the millenium has not yet dawned. I wonder how they will proportion heaven out when they all get there? As one who is not identified with any division in a dogmatic sense it will be interesting to watch these divisions in the Heavenly City. (I can hear some reader suggest that perhaps I ought not to worry about that as I may not be there).

I arrived in Madison very early on the morning of my sermon. Almost at daylight I was seated at the window in my sleeper watching the beautiful countryside on that June morning the approach to Madison is delightful and particularly appealing to one who loves the out-of doors. After arriving I went immediately to my comfortable and cool hotel. It was the second Sunday since my own church closed and presented one of the few opportunities which I have to attend church without the responsibility of a sermon. I immediately bought a Madison paper that I might select a church from the announcements. I decided on the University Methodist Church or the First Congregational. I was happily surprised when I discovered that one had a service at 10:00 a. m. the other at 11:00. Upon inquiry I learned it was about 10 blocks to the first service—the University Methodist and the Congregational church was about 6 blocks beyond. I decided to walk to both churches and am glad I did. The walk along the tree lined streets was itself an act of worship.

I was surprised at the small auditorium of the University Methodist Church. It seats about the same number as Channing Hall in our own building but it

was well filled with what seemed to me quite largely a group of teachers and advanced students who were in the University for the summer. The service was worshipful but not liturgical. The music was good but not exceptional. I was greeted warmly by an usher and given a good seat. The atmosphere was friendly but not gushing. There was a restrained reserved spirit, two ministers were in the pulpit. One whom I took to be the student minister and the other who preached the sermon the pastor. I thought them both a very fine type but slightly uncomfortable and evidencing a little strangeness. Both revealed the deadly influence of professionalism which every minister ought to avoid. The sermon was a centennial address and the content was splendid. It was well organized and manifested some careful assembling. The delivery could have been improved. From my seat I thought the preacher a tall fine looking blond type but later when he greeted me at the door I discovered his hair was grey but his face that of a young man. Both ministers stood at the door and shook hands with the people as they left. As I came along they both called me by name and said they noticed me come in. I was surprised as I never had seen either one. It happens both have heard me preach in my own pulpit for both were students in Evanston and occasionally attended our church. I received great benefit from the service and it is an experience which is altogether too infrequent in my life.

Immediately after this one hour service I walked several blocks up University Avenue to the First Congregational — an impressive New England type of Georgian architecture with an interior of stately proportions. The chancel seemed too high, too spacious and aloof for the necessary intimacies of communal worship. But it has a majesty about it which inspired awe rather than worship. The ministers seemed far away and quite apart from the rest of us. I imagine it would be a difficult place to preach in. The service was much more liturgical than the other. The congregation was not much larger but of a much older people. The eloquent pastor—Dr. Swan—was in Europe and the preacher for the day was a minister who had given the prayer at a commencement address which I gave to the State Teachers College in Whitewater a few days before—the Rev. Mr. Ostrander, pastor of the Congregational Church in Whitewater. The sermon was on a unique subject—"The Peril of Answered Prayer" and had many fine ideas—part of it was broadcast.

Perhaps I should forget it and never mention it here but during the Solo I saw a beautiful maltese cat walk down the aisle! A cat in church! The ushers tried to be non-chalant. The cat walked under the pews, down the outside aisle, up the chancel steps quietly and steathily. During the prayer (forgive me) I watched the soloist reverently but effectively pick up this religious feline and disappear with it through a side door near the organ. I wonder if the ministers saw their unwelcome member, if so, they gave no evidence of the fact.

I must record one important difference between the two services—I was greeted warmly in the Methodist Church after the service, but as I walked out of the Congregational service not one person greeted me—perhaps they were too upset by the cat!

* * * * *

On that evening in the University Stadium I preached the Centennial sermon from an improvised pulpit on the subject: "What of Religion?" It was a most interesting experience. The pulpit was on the stage—announced as the largest stage in the world—facing the great grand stands—but with a large empty space between. The service in which clergyman of

various denominations participated started at 7:30 while it was yet light. The singing by the combined choirs of over 1500 voices was the finest I have ever heard. By the time I was introduced it had grown quite dark and floor lights were turned on the platform. I could see nothing in the glare. Then there was the amplifying microphone which sent my voice booming out over that great stadium though I spoke in a conservational volume. I cannot become accustomed to these amplifying instruments. I have never heard one which did not distort the tonal quality of a voice. The whole environment, glare of light —echoes of my own voice which I could distinctly hear—an audience which I could not see—all conspired to defeat me in doing what I had hoped to do in the great opportunity. Well, I did my best and felt I had failed miserably. I had to leave the service during the last hymn and at 9:00 o'clock was on my way back to the quiet loveliness of a little pine-clad island in the north country.

My Sunday in Madison will live long in my memory!

* * * * *

For the 16th time our lovely little city of Tower, Minnesota, invited me to address them on the Fourth of July. I always accept when I am in Arden. The day was perfect. Warm but not hot. Cloudless skies and hosts of old and new friends. Tower is about 22 miles from our island. We crossed to the mainland where we keep our car and drove to the celebration. There was the usual parade of school children. A band and the program punctuated at frequent intervals by the poping of firecrackers. I spoke from a stand erected in front of the towns only movie theater. Most of the audience was composed of Scandanavians, Finns, and Indians. I enjoyed speaking to my old friends and neighbors among whom we have lived for 20 summers. After the speaking the annual pow-wow is given by the Indians—always an interesting affair. This whole section was their home. Their ancestors danced these same dances hundreds of years ago. The other day three squaws in a birch bark canoe, with three children—one baby strapped in an Indian papoose cradle—came silently paddling up to our dock with their canoe filled with Indian birch bark baskets some of which we purchased. They will soon be coming with blue berries and wild rice. During the dance some Indians wear a full Indian dress and others in the cheapest and gaudiest of "store" clothes. The younger men sit in the middle of the circle beating with wierd rythmn their big drum. This pow-wow is always appealing to the younger generation and awakens in me many reactions—one of which is the tragic record of the white man's dealings with these noble people.

* * * * *

Every Sunday since church closed I think of our many Sundays together and recall the various experiences in my own church. I always wonder where all our people are and what they are doing. I have received many cards from friends and members from all over this country and Europe. We are a scattered people during the summer but we are united in our affection for the work and church we love. We had such a wonderful year that I wish everyone in every organization and on the air would realize how deeply I appreciate their help and inspiration.

* * * * *

I have been quite busy getting my sermons and Book Lectures outlined for the beginning of our season. This will be my 25th year and I want to make it the best of them all! I was interested to learn yesterday that Margaret Mitchells book "Gone With The Wind," which I praised so extravagently after I read it from a

publisher's copy and before it was on sale has become the first novel of the entire country and has sold 176,000 copies to date. It is encouraging to have ones opinions verified by thousands of other readers.

* * * * *

On Sunday, August 9th, I am preaching in the Old Mission Church on Madelaine Island in the Apostle Islands which nestle off the Wisconsin Shore in Lake Superior. The church is over 100 years old. If any friends of our church or radio listeners are in the vicinity I will be delighted to see them there. Come to Bayfield, Wisconsin. I am afraid my chat this month is too long and you may be getting weary so I will say "Good Bye" until next month.

A DREAM REALIZED

By Grace T. Bradley

Weeks have passed into months and several issues of the Liberalist have gone to press without the article about the Bok Tower that I promised while I was in Florida. When I wrote my last article "Under Southern Skies," I did not realize that almost immediately after that I would feel the necessity of returning home, so ill was I becoming day by day, and upon my arrival home was confined to my bed for eight weeks. After a period of convalescence, as soon as I was able to travel I came up to our little Island home in Minnesota, where happy bird songs accompanied by soft breezes fingering the pines make music all the day, and the sweet scented air, brilliant sunshine and blue skies have worked the miracle. In proof of renewed health and strength I have awakened to the fact it is high time I kept my promise to write about the Bok Tower at Mountain Lake, Florida.

Many of us dream dreams,—hold high ideals aflame with the desire to do splendid things to inspire our fellow man—but have lacked the power and the necessary capital to carry them to fruition. Edward Bok had both. He had an ideal by which he lived—lighted in his heart by his grandmother, whose maxim given to her children and grandchildren was "Wherever your lives may be cast, make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it." A hundred years ago his grandfather transformed a desert island in the North Sea ten miles from the Netherlands, into a bower of green verdure and trees to which came the birds which made the island famed. This too may have inspired the beginning of Edward Bok's dream.

It seems there is a tradition which claims that Iron Mountain on whose summit the "Singing Tower" now stands, was once a Sanctuary for Indians of Central Florida, and after the winter vigil of Dark Moon with its ceremonial, the tribes worshipped here the rising sun of each new spring, emblem of the creative joy new born in themselves as in the budding earth.

One day Edward W. Bok, writer, poet, educator,—sat watching the sunset between Iron Mountain and Mountain Lake, and realized fully why the Indians came here each spring to reverence the Great Spirit. So impressed was he with the loveliness of this spot and the surrounding country he decided that here he had found the location to carry out his lifes ideal. Nor did he stop till he could give to the people the crystalization of his dream! His own words express so much better than I can, his noble desire, that I shall quote:—"I wanted to present to the American people a spot which would reach out in its

eauty through the superbly eautiful architecture of the Tow-, through the music of the bells, the people, and fill their souls ith the quiet, the repose, the in-uence of the beautiful, as they ould see and enjoy it as the anctuary and through the Tow-r."

In this spirit the Bird Sanc-uary and Singing Tower were uilt, and one feels it distinctly rom the time you enter the gates nd wend your way up the wind-ng path toward the Tower, which ands on the highest point in lorida. When one drives to the ok Tower it is first glimpsed rom a distance looking like a athedral or Castle Tower, but nce there it is very different. ising over 200 feet high, its raceful hues clear cut against ne sky. The base is constructed f creole marble, a lavender-gray n color, and lovely pink Etowan arble is used in trimming. The ower is built of Georgia marble nd coquina rock, the latter a oft shade of yellow.

Beautiful carvings adorn the inging Tower. Figures cut in arble depict Florida bird life, he motif also used in the wonder-ul tile windows with their gray olors. The iron grill in which hese tiles are set is overlaid with 2 carat gold. The frieze encir-ling the Tower is a relief of peli-ans, herons and Aesops fabled haracters of the goose and fox, he hare and tortoise.

The Tower is surrounded by a noat spanned by marble bridges uarded by massive iron gates, so delicately hand-fashioned as to be ace-like in pattern. The glowing olors of the Tower reflected in he pool of the Glade beyond lend with the flower tints and greenery of the Sanctuary like the harmony of an exquisite painting. Flamingos in the pool add a note of graceful beauty—Teis and other lovely water flowers bloom on the edges and are reflected in his pool which curves and winds ike a stream amid palms and flowering shrubs—It is the most heavenly spot I have ever seen. The Sanctuary consisting of 53 acres so beautifully landscaped and planted as to appear perfectly natural. A labyrinth of paths leads through thousands of azaleas in pink and white bloom, lovely roses climbing up trees and hanging from branches, thousands of lavender and white petunias, and many spring flowers; tall Royal Palms waving gracefully in the gentle breeze and the spectacular southern flame-vine draping many trees, making long festoons from one to another. This flame-vine is one of the lovliest sights in Florida. It is often used for hedges, and is brilliant climbing trees and hanging like fringe from the boughs, a glorious contrast to the Spanish-moss which to me is ugly and uncouth!

There are many artistic marble bird-baths in the Sanctuary to give the necessary shallow drinking places for the hundreds of birds who live in or visit there. There are two Sabal Palms in the glade at one corner of the pool that were planted by Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, when as President of the United States he dedicated the Singing Tower and Sanctuary in February 1929.

One of the loveliest spots in the Sanctuary is the Easter Glade or Garden of Resurrection where each Easter morn a sunrise service is held. There are thousands of lilies, white and many radiently colorful, blooming in the early southern spring time, and through these wind an aisle of softest grass like a velvet carpet. Fall palms flank this gorgeous garden like pillars in a cathedral, and the bird songs blend with the choir gathered there. This garden is roped off so that the grass will not become tramped down by the thousands who visit it—and stand at either end of the grass aisle almost awed by the beauty of the lilies—the soft air sweet with perfume and glad with bird song,

the sky a dome of blue above, and a sense of peace surrounding all.

A large room on the first floor level of the Tower was designed for Mr. Bok's study—his personal sanctuary.—In here is a large and magnificent fireplace, across the mantle is carved the sentence "Make you the World a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it." The room is furnished with massive pieces of carved furniture and many beautiful things gathered on his travels. A winding hand-wrought iron stairway with Teak wood treads, leads to upper floors—there is also an elevator.) And there are four large hanging lanterns of wrought-iron which are works of art in themselves. Here Mr. Bok would come with his devoted wife, to read, to write—to meditate. When he died in 1930 his funeral service was held in this room. It is no longer open to the public. Only Mrs. Bok, Mr. Brees the carilloneur, and friends they may bring—may enter this room kept sacred to his memory.

The Sanctuary Bells, one of the largest carillons yet cast, is noted for its peculiar sweetness of tone. Anton Brees, the Bellmaster of the Singing Tower, is acknowledged the master carilloneur of the world. It is said of him that the rare spiritual quality of his playing casts a soul into the Carillon. He plays three recitals a week from December till April. People by the thousands come to hear these unusual concerts, and enjoy the beauty of the Sanctuary, sit on the ground under the trees or stroll through the paths quietly listening and storing up the beauty in their hearts. There is no loud talking or boistrous laughter here,—but exquisite enjoyment of a sacred spot dedicated to beauty and true love of Nature.

A pure white marble slab is plainly seen in the green velvet-like softness of the moat, before the great North Door. The door like blazing gold in the sunshine, made of finest yellow brass, its hand hammered design picturing the story of the Creation of the World as recorded in Genesis.

Here lies the mortal body of Edward Bok, but his fine spirit lives on in the hearts of those who love beauty—and birds—and flowers — and music —and the quiet and peace of the Sanctuary the inspiration from the Singing Tower, said to be the most beautiful in all the world—and built of that stuff of which dreams are made."

THE BAZAAR

It is time to remind our friends that the summer is speeding rapidly along to the fall—Autumn will drop down upon us long before we are ready to receive it,—and there just ahead, in the early fall looms the annual Church Bazaar! Will you be forehanded with what you will donate to assure its success? Will you plan to make some extra glasses of jelly, jars of jam or preserves or pickles, to send to the Food Booth?—When on your vacation trip will you remember when visiting shops here and there, to pick up some interesting article to donate for sale at the Bazaar? You will have fun looking for something, and saying "This is for my Church Bazaar!" Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, the officers and members of The Woman's Club under whose auspices the Bazaar is given, deeply appreciate the interest and generosity of the radio friends and all others who so kindly contribute to the success of the annual bazaar.

There will be booths for pillow slips, towels, fancy cushions, kitchen articles, handkerchiefs aprons, fancy work, "Dads' booth" —smoking outfits, sporting goods ties, wearing apparel, etc. A booth for miscellaneous articles of all kinds, and a food booth. Also remember the "White Elephant Booth"—if you have anything in your home that has lost its inter

est for you send it to the church and be sure someone will buy it from the "White Elephant!" It is really funny what people will buy from this quarter;—a few odd glasses, plates, a dish, a vase, ornaments, anything at all!—The ladies in the Woman's Club are already working on aprons and other articles. They would appreciate materials suitable for aprons sent to them to make up if you find it inconvenient to make them yourself. This alone is a hint to ladies who are very very busy but who want to assist in some way toward the work.

The proceeds from the Bazaar goes to the church, and you will all want to do your part.

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

1—Linden, Michigan
2—Linden, Michigan
3—Linden, Michigan
4—Address, State Teachers College, LaCrosse, Wis.
4—Address, State Teachers College, Winona, Minn.
5—Address, State Teachers College, Whitewater, Wis.
7—Sermon, Peoples Church
7—Baccalaureate Sermon, Morton High School
8—Board Meeting, Peoples Church
9—Address, Augustana Auditorium, Rock Island, Ill.
10—Address, Armory, Waukegan, Ill.
11—Address, Illinois Normal University, Bloomington, Ill.
12Address, Armory, Kankakee, Ill.
14—Closing sermon, Peoples Church
14—Dedicatory Address, Mt. Emblem, Cemetery
15—Address, State Convention IWLA, Aberdeen, S. D.
16—Left Chicago for the summer
18—Graduating Address, Linden, Michigan, High School
28—Centennial Sermon, University of Wisconsin, University Stadium, Madison, Wis.

WEDDINGS

3—Walstein C. Findley, Jr. and Elizabeth Goodbub, (Mr. Clark)
3—John J. Dominick and Eva B. Feltes. (Mr. Clark)
6—Rosetta Haynes and Barton Nystrom
6—George Bengston and Greta Sandburg
6—Stanley W. Strand and Evelyn F. Shelvock
6—Gaston B. Anderson and Britta Johnson
6—Gordon F. Sergant and Marguerite Grieshater
7—Rolland R. Monroe and Mary E. Cheshier
7—Robert E. Fishman and Dorothy E. S. Wood
13—Richard G. Joice and Mary Jane Driver
14—Otto J. Ouper and Bernice Ebeling
18—Harry R. Gysp and Gwendoln F. Rice (Mr. Clark)
20—Ellsworth B. Cregier and Elizabeth A. Shephard (Mr. Clark)
27—Walter M. Olsen and Mayme B. Johnson (Mr. Clark)
27—Clarence A. Bjorkman and Lucile Tennyson (Mr. Clark)
30—Harry P. Dunn and Lee M. Haskins (Mr. Clark)

FUNERALS

3—Robert Bradley, Linden, Michigan, (Linden clergy)
4—Samuel Scott Hewitt, Interment, Forest Home, (Mr. Clark)
17—John W. Jenkins, Interment, Oakridge, (Mr. Clark)

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOKS

The ideas and philosophy of our pastor which he has been giving over a number of years in his lectures throughout the country, have been incorporated in two books which he has recently published.

Last year he wrote his first book, "Courage For Today." The response to this book was beyond

all expectations. It was published just before the holidays last year and has sold steadily throughout the year. Last summer he did another book called "Mastering Fear," which was published early in October. The reception of the second book continued the success of the first. Both books are published by Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Indiana and New York. They are on sale in any book store in the United States, and sell for $1.50 each. If you would be interested in purchasing the books any book store will gladly accommodate you. If you cannot purchase from a book store you may order direct from the publishers. If you purchase the books in Chicago at the stores or department store book shop, arrangements can be made to have them autographed.

M. H.

JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS

You are a contributor to the Church. Do you personally feel that you are getting your money's worth?

If so, then how do you arrive at the sum total of your pledge? Do you figure it out on a percentage basis of your entire income, or put down what you think will satisfy the needs? If your system is the latter, it is quite fair then to say that you do not go without anything you badly want, in order to give to the church.

Of course, you cannot join any club or fraternal order on that basis. Why does not the church fix its charge to you? Because the church is for all sorts and conditions of people, while clubs and lodges are a selected membership. And that places an obligation on everyone able to give. Scriptures state it thus—"Unto whom much is given, from them shall much be required."

So, counting in your amusements, your clubs, your vacations and expenditures for luxuries it is not stretching the point to say that what you give to the church is but a drop in the bucket of your expenditures on yourself. If the church needs an extra financial life, you could probably meet your share of it without embarrassment or sacrifice.

What do you think of people able to give to the church but who never give, yet who demand the services of the church in time of trouble or for the education of their children? Isn't it likely they have never thought the matter through, and do not see themselves as accepting charity, the charity of their church-supporting neighbors?

Well, we know a church, democratic in spirit, wide-reaching in its activities, blessed by hundreds of loyal families, teeming with children and youth.

And now, the call is going out to place that church on a sounder financial base than ever, to meet its obligations in full and provide a backlog against the time of necessary repairs and improvements.

If you know this church, and it means anything to you, the call upon your loyal co-operation will not be in vain. You'll thank its management for having told you of the need, and you will be happy to help make their plans a success.

OUR CHURCH PAPER

The little magazine which you are now reading is the church paper of the Peoples Church of Chicago, 941 Lawrence Avenue. It is published every month during the entire year. For one dollar it is mailed anywhere on earth. Every friend, member and radio listener of the church is invited to become a subscriber. Each number contains a sermon delivered by Dr. Bradley from the pulpit of the church. Other articles are included which make the investment well worth the small amount of the subscription price.

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